

COWBOY

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

No. 26

F.P.I.

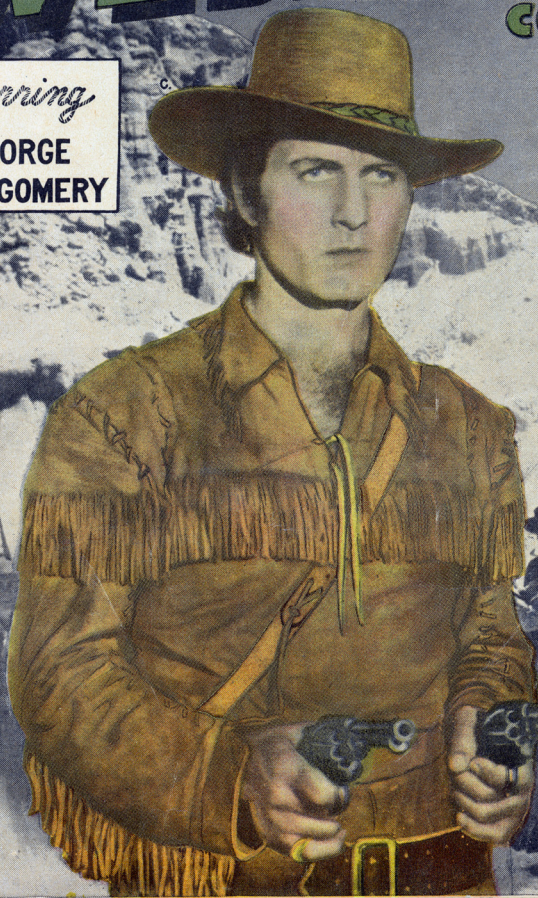
WESTERN

COMICS

10¢

Starring

**GEORGE
MONTGOMERY**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



ELLEN DREW AS
"FRANCES"

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

EDWARD SMALL

PRESENTS

DAVY CROCKETT

INDIAN SCOUT

RELEASED THRU
UNITED
ARTISTS....

GEORGE MONTGOMERY
AS
DAVY CROCKETT

ELLEN DREW AS
"FRANCES"

PHILLIP REED AS
"RED HAWK"

NOAH BEERY JR.
AS "TEX"

ROBERT BARRAT
AS "LONE EAGLE"

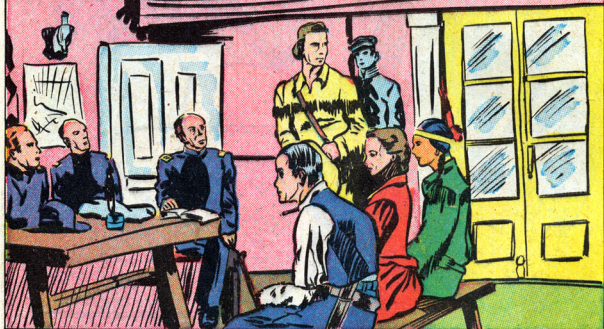
SCREEN PLAY BY

RICHARD SCHAYER



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

COLONEL POLLARD, U.S.A. IS CONDUCTING AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION INTO AN AMBUSH OF A WEST-BOUND WAGON TRAIN WHICH COST SEVERAL LIVES.....



"WHILE THE TRAIN MADE ITS WAY THROUGH HOSTILE INDIAN COUNTRY IT WAS JOINED BY A GIRL, WHO GAVE THE NAME OF FRANCES OATMAN, AND HER DEAF MUTE DRIVER BEN. THEY GOT INTO THE TRAIN'S CIRCLE JUST IN TIME TO OUTRUN A WAR PARTY OF INDIANS."

DAVY CROCKETT DESCRIBES WHAT HAPPENED....



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

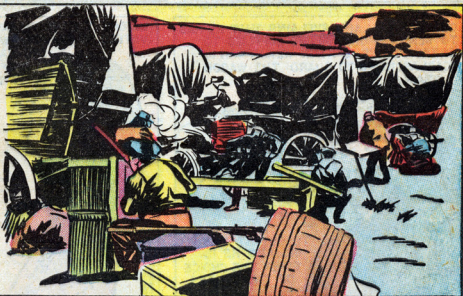
FRANCES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL STIRRED THE INTEREST OF CROCKETT?



BUT CROCKETT FOUND OTHER MATTERS FOR HIS ATTENTION. RED HAWK RETURNED FROM A SCOUTING TRIP TO TELL THAT A "GREAT CHIEF" WAS STIRRING THE INDIANS AND THAT THE TRAIN WOULD BE ATTACKED!



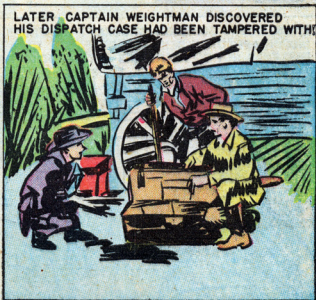
THE ATTACK CAME QUICKLY. THE BATTLE FROM THE TRAIN WAS LED BY CROCKETT, RED HAWK AND TEX MAGEE?



RED HAWK NOTICED SOMEBODY LEAVE THE CAMP AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIGHTING?



LATER CAPTAIN WEIGHTMAN DISCOVERED HIS DISPATCH CASE HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AFTER THE INQUIRY A CONFERENCE IS HELD BETWEEN THE ARMY OFFICERS, CROCKETT AND LONE EAGLE, WHO ACTS AS CONFIDENTIAL LIASON CONTACT BETWEEN THE ARMY AND INDIANS,

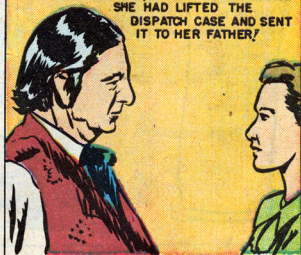


COLONEL POLLARD EXPLAINS THAT HE HAS TO SEND AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES TO GREAT PLAINS. CAPTAIN WEIGHTMAN IS AGAIN ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE WAGON TRAIN!

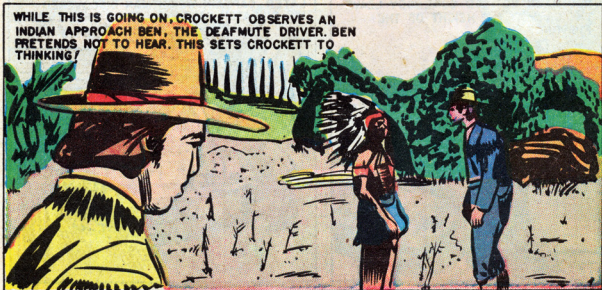


TO OUTWIT THE INDIANS HE IS GIVEN THE CHOICE OF TWO ROUTES

BEFORE THE TRAIN LEAVES, EAGLE IS VISITED BY FRANCES, WHO IS HIS DAUGHTER. SHE HAD LIFTED THE DISPATCH CASE AND SENT IT TO HER FATHER!



WHILE THIS IS GOING ON, CROCKETT OBSERVES AN INDIAN APPROACH BEN, THE DEAFMUTE DRIVER. BEN PRETENDS NOT TO HEAR. THIS SETS CROCKETT TO THINKING!

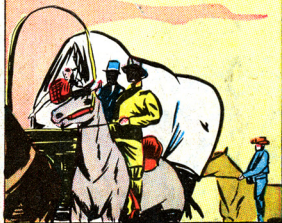


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HAWK'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED TOO. INVESTIGATING FRANCE'S WAGON HE FINDS DOCUMENTS TO INDICATE SHE IS REALLY INDIAN. SHE ADMITS THIS TO HIM!



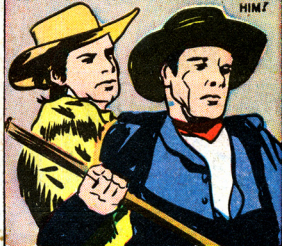
NOW THEY ROUND UP THE TRAIN AND ONCE AGAIN IT IS OFF ON THE LONG TREK!



THE TIME OF DECISION ARRIVES AND CAPTAIN WEIGHTMAN REVEALS TO CROCKETT THAT HE IS PLANNING TO USE A CERTAIN ROUTE. CROCKETT DELIBERETLY SPREADS A FALSE REPORT!



THAT NIGHT BEN STEALS OUT OF CAMP, BUT CROCKETT SEES HIM. HE TRAPS BEN AND FORCES THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM!



FRANCES SLIPS OFF FOLLOWED BY RED HAWK SHE REACHES HER FATHER NOW DRESSED IN FULL CHIEFS WAR REGALIA. SHE TELLS HIM THE ROUTE OF THE WAGON TRAIN!

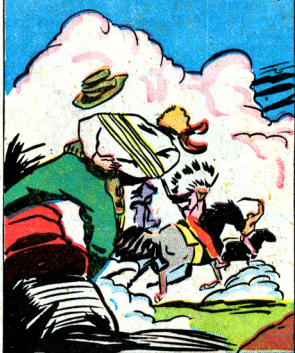


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

RED HAWK IS CAPTURED AND STRUNG UP WITH WET RAWHIDE, SO THAT HE WILL STRANGLE WHEN IT DRIES AND SHRINKS. FRANCES HELPS RED HAWK TO FREEDOM!

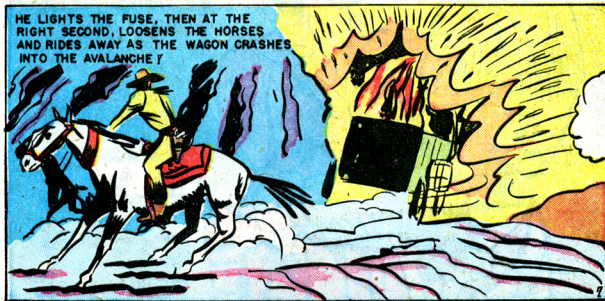
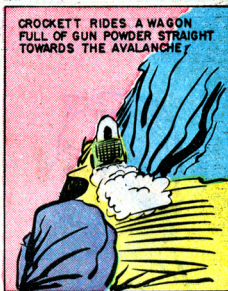
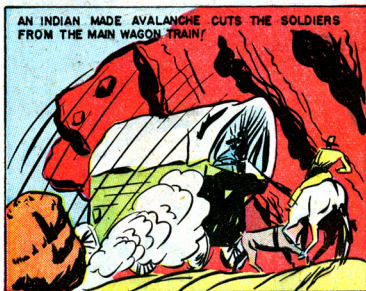


AT THE WAGON TRAIN RED HAWK TELLS THE WHOLE STORY, CAPTAIN WEIGHTMAN SENDS A MESSENGER BACK TO THE COLONEL GIVING THE TRUE ROUTE INFORMATION, BUT THE INDIANS INTERCEPT HIM!



FRANCES THINKS OF THE WAGON TRAIN GOING TO DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AND SHE IS HEAVY OF HEART. MEANWHILE CROCKETT SUGGESTS THEY RUN THROUGH A COUPLE OF WAGONS TO TEST OUT THE SCENE!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

CHIEF LONE EAGLE IS KILLED!



THE INDIANS WHO
SURVIVE ARE PUT TO
ROUT!



RED HAWK AND FRANCES
HAVE TO STAND TRIAL
ON TECHNICAL CHARGES!

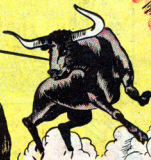
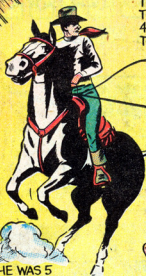


A LENIENT COLONEL PASSES OUT A LIFE SENTENCE
AS MAN AND WIFE AND CROCKETT GIVES THEM HIS
BLESSING!



THE
END

WILL ROGERS, OFTEN CALLED THE GREATEST COWBOY IN THE WORLD, WAS BORN IN A RANCH HOUSE IN THE OLD INDIAN TERRITORY, NOW THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA, IN NOV. 4, 1879. HIS PARENTS WANTED HIM TO BECOME A MINISTER, BUT WILL HAD OTHER IDEAS---



① WHEN HE WAS 5 YEARS OLD, HE COULD RIDE A HORSE, AND AT 14 HE WAS RATED A TOP COWHAND AND ROPER---

② HE GAINED THAT RECOGNITION WHEN HE ENTERED A RODEO IN COMPETITION WITH OLDER COWBOYS AND WON THE RIDING AND ROPING CONTEST.



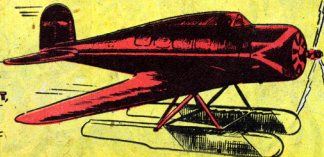
WILL ROGERS

THE PRINCE OF WIT AND WISDOM, COULD POKE FUN AT ROYALTY AND PRESIDENTS AND MADE THEM LOVE IT. HIS LIFE WAS FULL OF ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT, COWBOY, RODEO RIDER, COMEDIAN, PHILOSOPHER, HUMORIST, MOVIE STAR AND PHILANTHROPIST.

③ WILL LEFT AFRICA AND JOINED UP WITH A WILD WEST SHOW, RIDING AND TWIRLING HIS ROPE.

④ AT 21 WILL SOLD HIS HERD OF CATTLE AND HEADED FOR ARGENTINE. HERE HE GOT A JOB PUNCHING CATTLE FOR \$1.20 A MONTH! HE THEN GOT A JOB BREAKING HORSES AT A REMOUNT STATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ON AUGUST 15, 1935 WHILE TRAVELING WITH **WILBY POST**, MASTER AVIATOR, BOTH MET THEIR END IN A CRACK UP IN THE BARREN WILDERNESS OF ALASKA



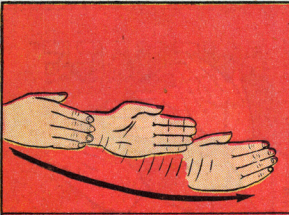
INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

THE LANGUAGE WITHOUT WORDS

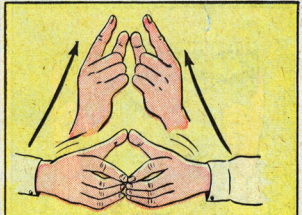
THE SIGN LANGUAGE WAS NOT CREATED BY ANY-ONE LIVING IN THIS AGE. IT WAS CREATED BY THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA AND IS PROBABLY THE FIRST AMERICAN LANGUAGE. ONE WOULD HAVE TO SEE PERSONS ACTUALLY DOING THE SIGN LANGUAGE TO UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENT GRACEFUL GESTURES OF THE HANDS. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES THE ARTIST HAS DRAWN ILLUSTRATIONS WITH THE MEANING TO THEM.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



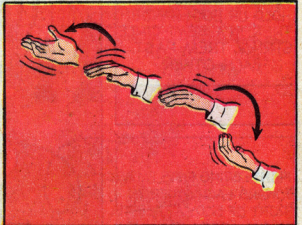
FAST (MEANING : PASS BY) HOLD THE LEFT HAND IN FRONT OF BODY, BACK TO LEFT; THEN HOLD RIGHT FLAT HAND, SIX INCHES TO REAR OF LEFT. MAKE RIGHT HAND GO SWIFTLY PAST LEFT WITH SLIGHT CURVE.



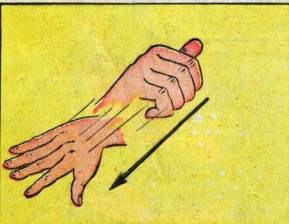
FLOWER-MAKE CIRCLE OF THUMB AND INDEX OF BOTH HANDS: THEN TURN OUTSIDE OF HANDS UNDER, UNTIL LITTLE FINGERS TOUCH AND THUMBS AND INDEXES POINT UP.



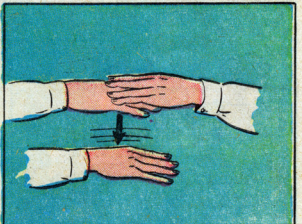
CHIEF-HOLD RIGHT HAND AT SIDE, POINTING UPWARD, RAISE HAND IN GRADUAL CIRCLE AS HIGH AS TOP OF HEAD. THEN ARCH TOWARD FRONT AND DOWNWARD.



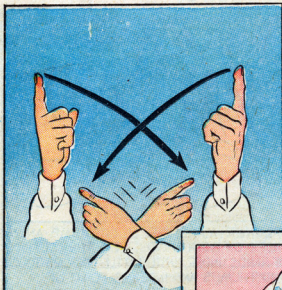
DAY-HOLD LEVEL FLAT HANDS, BACK UP IN FRONT OF FACE AND 4 INCHES APART; SWEEP HANDS UP AND OUT IN A CURVE, ENDING OPPOSITE SHOULDERS WITH PALM UP.



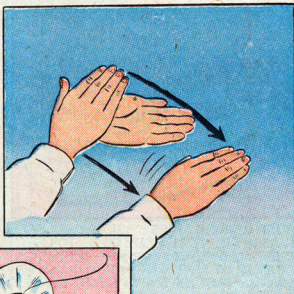
BAD-HOLD RIGHT FIST NEAR BREAST. THROW IT OUT AND DOWN TO RIGHT AND WHILE DOING SO OPEN THE HAND.



BELOW- BOTH HANDS BACKS UP IN FRONT OF BODY, THE LEFT RESTING ON THE RIGHT; THEN DROP THE RIGHT TO INDICATE DESIRED DISTANCE.

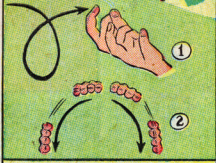
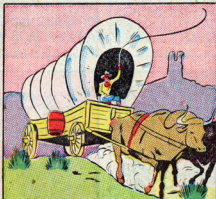


TRADE OR EXCHANGE
HOLD UP BOTH HANDS;
THEN IN A SEMI-CIRCLE
STRIKE THEM PAST
EACH OTHER.



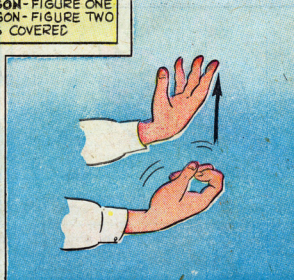
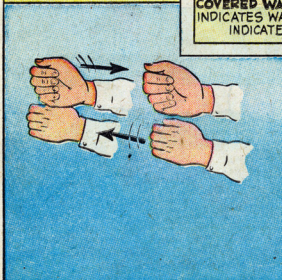
**EXTERMINATE (MEAN-
ING: WIPED OUT)**
HOLD LEFT FLAT HAND
IN FRONT OF BODY;
THEN WIPE FLAT RIGHT
HAND ACROSS SAME.

FIGHT- BRING FISTS, PALMS
TOWARD EACH OTHER, IN
FRONT OF BODY, AT HEIGHT
OF SHOULDERS, ABOUT 3
INCHES APART. MOVE RIGHT
FISTA FEW INCHES TOWARDS
BODY, WHILE THE LEFT GOES
OUT WARDS SAME DISTANCE

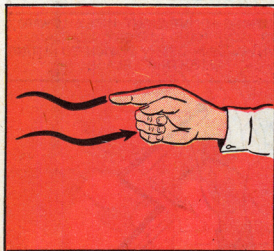


COVERED WAGON - FIGURE ONE
INDICATES WAGON - FIGURE TWO
INDICATES COVERED

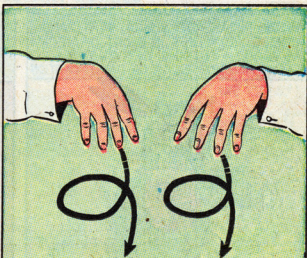
FIRE - CARRY RIGHT
ARM WELL DOWN IN
FRONT OF BODY FINGERS
PARTIALLY CLOSED;
RAISE HAND SLIGHTLY
AND SNAP FINGERS UP-
WARDS, REPEAT.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



SNAKE- HOLD RIGHT HAND AT SIDE, WAIST HIGH, MOVE THE HAND ABOUT A FOOT FORWARD WITH A WAVY MOTION.



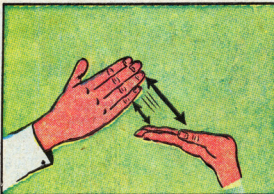
SNOW- HOLD BOTH HANDS IN FRONT OF FACE, FINGERS POINTING DOWN, LOWER IN CIRCULAR MOTION TO INDICATE WHIRLING SNOW.



BROTAER- TOUCH FIRST AND SECOND FINGERS OF RIGHT HAND AGAINST LIPS, FINGERS HORIZONTAL



CALL-USE RIGHT HAND WITH THUMB TOUCHING INDEX. THEN SNAP OUT INDEX FINGERS. THIS IS AN IMPORTANT WORD.



STRIKE-HOLD LEFT HAND IN FRONT OF LEFT BREAST, BACK DOWN; USE RIGHT HAND LIKE A HATCHET AND STRIKE PALM OF LEFT HAND.



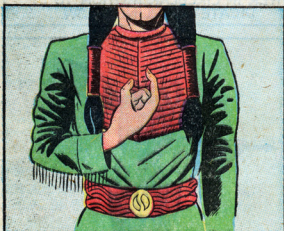
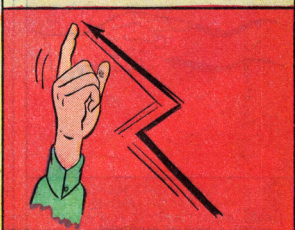
UGLY- PASS THE PALM OF FLAT RIGHT HAND IN A CIRCLE CLOSE TO FACE; THEN MAKE SIGN FOR BAD.

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

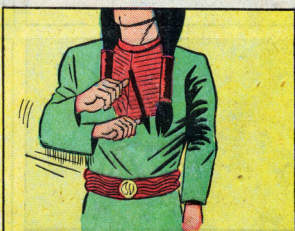
SIoux-INDIAN. DRAW RIGHT FLAT HAND ACROSS, FROM LEFT, IN FRONT OF NECK AS THOUGH CUTTING OFF THE HEAD. THIS IS SIGN FOR SIOUX OR DAKOTA NATION



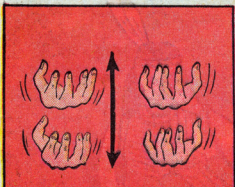
LIGHTNING - POINT RIGHT INDEX UPWARD; THEN MOVE HAND TO RIGHT, REAR AND DOWNWARDS IN JERKY MOTION, TO IMITATE LIGHTNING FLASH.



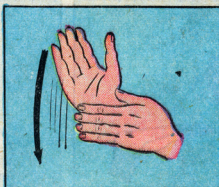
MEDAL - MAKE AN INCOMPLETE CIRCLE WITH THUMB AND INDEX OF RIGHT HAND, SPACED ONE INCH BETWEEN TIPS. PLACE LITTLE FINGER IN CENTER OF BREAST.



KILL - BRING RIGHT HAND IN FRONT OF RIGHT SHOULDER, HAND NEARLY CLOSED; STRIKE TO FRONT DOWNWARDS AND A LITTLE TO LEFT, STOPPING HAND SUDDENLY.



LAUGH - HOLD BOTH HANDS PARTLY CLOSED, IN FRONT OF BOTH BREASTS, PALMS UP; THEN MOVE THEM UP AND DOWN.

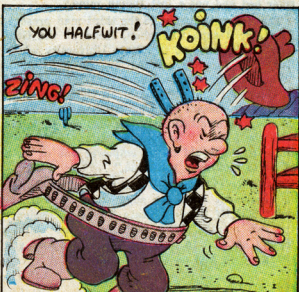
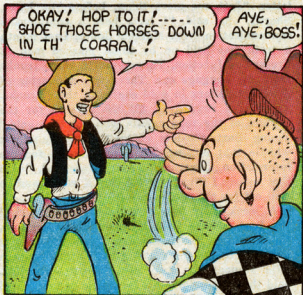
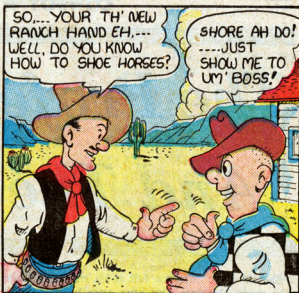


END - HOLD LEFT FLAT HAND OUT IN FRONT OF LEFT BREAST, THUMB UPWARD; THEN WITH RIGHT FLAT HAND STRIKE DOWN PAST FINGER TIPS OF LEFT HAND.



WELL READERS WE HAVE GIVEN YOU A FEW PAGES OF 'INDIAN TALK', IF YOU LIKE THIS TYPE OF STRIP, WRITE IN AND LET US KNOW





The Professor And The Gold Mine

Sheriff Burt Sanders felt a bit uneasy in his new store clothing. His blue eyes kept looking at the right sleeve, then at the left sleeve of his sack coat. Even Governor Arnold J. Petticooper found it hard to restrain a smile. He liked the tall youth in front of him who represented the law in Hartner County. "Sheriff", began the Governor, "I must admit at first I was a bit puzzled when I received your letter about the Last Chance Gold Mine. Why are you so certain it is a fraud and that there isn't any gold in Hartner County?"

The young man had a good honest face and as he spoke you could sense the earnestness behind each word that he uttered. "Maybe you could say offhand I just don't trust that Mr. Walter Camp who owns the mine. But it's more than that, Governor. You knew my dad well and did some prospecting with him in New Mexico. Dad went over every inch of Bald Mountain. He said there wasn't an ounce of gold there. As for the abandoned tunnel, he claimed it was once a river bed and not a lost Indian mine."

The Governor turned to the third man present, Professor Joseph Callaghan, Head of the Geology Department at the State University which had been recently created by the legislature. "What is your opinion, Professor? Is there gold in Hartner County?" The small thin man, with rimless eyeglasses showing 2 brown eyes looked deep in meditation. "I am inclined to agree with the Sheriff," he replied, "however the best thing to do would be to empower one or both of us to look over the mine."

Governor Petticooper shook his head as though in agreement with the suggestion. "I will appoint Sheriff Sanders State Tax Commissioner for two months. With that power, he will be legally entitled to examine the mine. And you can go with him as the State expert."

As the two men prepared to leave the office, the Governor opened his desk and took out a letter. "Just one more thing, before you leave, Sheriff," he said, "I have here a confidential communication from Marshal Jones. Last month a train was held up by three masked men at Crosspoint Junction. They removed three trunks from the baggage car. There was a quarter of a million dollars in gold eagles in those trunks. There is a reward of \$25,000. offered for the capture of the road agents who got that gold." Young Burt Sanders couldn't help the slight whistle that escaped his lips. "Thanks for the information, Governor," he acknowledged, "with that money I could buy the Bar X ranch and be well off for the rest of my life."

A week later two mounted men approached the Last Chance Gold Mine on Bald Mountain. There was a rough wooden fence around the entrance to the mine and a man armed with a rifle stopped the two men. "Sorry, Sheriff", said the guard, "but this is private property and even the law of this county can't do any trespassing." "We're not trespassers" said Professor Callaghan, "for we both have legal right to examine the mine. The Sheriff has been appointed State Tax Commissioner and I am his assistant. Do we enter peacefully or will it be necessary to call out the State Militia?" The guard looked intensely at the little man who had just finished speaking. Mentally he was wondering whether it would be best to shoot both of the men right now and get the matter over with. "Wait here a minute until I see the boss", he said.

Walter Camp, owner of the mine said nothing as he listened to the report of his guard. There was a crafty expression on his face as he pondered over the next step to take. His narrow high forehead and thinning black hair made him look like a man used to thinking over tough problems. "Do they look as though they suspect

anything is wrong, Jed?" he asked of his guard. "That's not easy to tell, boss, because they are on the outside and we are on the inside." Walter Camp had come to a decision. "Let them examine the mine. Show them the vein of gold we planted. If anything goes wrong, we'll either shoot them down or blow up the west section of the tunnel and give them a living tomb as a present."

Ten minutes later, Sheriff Sanders and the Professor were being escorted by Jed through the mine. "Mr. Camp told me to show you the vein of gold we uncovered last week." When those words were finished, Jed pointed to a shiny streak on the side of the tunnel. The Professor looked at the gold vein carefully. "Mighty rich vein you hit in this mine," was the comment. Then he picked up several rocks. "Any objection if we take these back with us?" he asked. "Guess none," was the laconic reply.

Sheriff Sanders eyes were still fixed on the gold vein. "Could we get some of that, also?" he asked, with his finger pointing directly at the gold. Jed placed his right hand in his pocket and brought forth a small nugget. "This is the same stuff and you can have it." Then he escorted both men out of the mine and watched them mount their horses and ride away. Soon Jed joined by Walter Camp and a third man, Tom Herford. The third man who was a tall and weatherbeaten Westerner asked, "Think they were suspicious?" Jed shook his head. "No, as a matter of fact, I think they will play right into our hands. They will advertise the fact they saw the gold mine. Even have a small sample of our material. That should quiet any suspicions when we sell the gold in Carson City. We can always refer back to our registry deed and the Sheriff."

Throughout the night the Professor worked over a small crucible he had set up in the Sheriff's office. The young man watched him intensely and from time to time would play around with the rocks they had brought back from the mine. Finally the Professor turned both palms of his hands upward, as though to express his bewilderment. "There is a constant percentage of alloy in this small sample of gold I have been analyzing," he said, "there is something funny about it but I just can't put my finger on what's wrong." As Sheriff Sanders placed one of the rocks on his desk his eye was attracted by a strange design. "I think this design explains everything," he began, "look closer Professor and I think you will see the answer to what's bothering you. For upon this rock I see the reverse design of a gold eagle. That means those fellows over the mines are a bunch of crooks. They hammered out the gold from coins and

fixed up that so-called gold vein. As yet they haven't tried to sell stock in the mine to people. I don't know exactly what their game is but we better pay them another visit in the morning."

A little short of noon the two men dismounted their horses at the mine. It was evident they had been spotted because Jed and Mr. Camp welcomed them. "Did you analyze the sample of gold you took away?" asked Mr. Camp. The Professor said but one word, "Yes." The next minute both men were facing a .44 Colt in Jed's hand. They were both taken inside the shaft.

"I'm sorry but both of you will have to be killed. You can blame it on Jed. Had he given you a sample of gold from the vein everything would have been perfect. That was pure gold from which we removed the alloy. Unfortunately he gave you a gold nugget which we had just made from a coin and it still had the alloy. Had you not come out this morning we would have gone to town and brought you back with one excuse or another."

"But what's your game?" asked the young Sheriff, with puzzlement written all over his face. "Half you figured out — to sell a lot of gold. The other half, you might as well know. My two associates helped me steal a quarter of a million dollars in gold eagles when we held up a train at Crosspoint Junction. The only sensible way to get rid of that gold and not get caught was to sell it in the market as gold bullion. That means it had to come from a mine, hence this set-up."

Mr. Camp looked at the two men for a minute after he had finished speaking. "Funny thing", he commented, "I have killed sheriffs, marshals, and stage drivers in my life time. First time I have ever killed a Professor." The old man looked straight at Jed. "You got to kill us?" "Yes", was the one word answer.

Two shots rang out in quick succession. Camp and Jed slumped to the ground as the Professor held 2 smoking derringers in his hands. "Let's get the third man of their gang and our job is done," ordered the old man. That took but a few minutes and with two wounded prisoners and a third well tied up, they returned to town. "Save you a lot of questions," explained the Professor, "If I tell you I once was a U. S. Deputy Marshal. Wonderful things those derringers. You keep them tied up in your sleeve for such an emergency as this."

The boys at the Bar X ranch like their two new bosses very much. "Fine fellows, old man Callaghan and his side kick, Sanders," they will tell you, "bought the ranch with the reward money. Fast brains and fast shooting. Yes sir."

Harold Gluck



WILL JAMES PROBABLY ONE OF THE GREATEST WRITER AND ARTIST OF THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS WEST. HIS STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON ACTUAL INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE ARE READ BY THOUSANDS YEARLY. HIS LIFE WAS FULL OF ACTION AND ADVENTURE. WILL WAS BORN IN A COVERED WAGON WHILE HIS PARENTS WERE MAKING THE LONG TRIP FROM TEXAS TO CANADA. BOTH DIED A FEW

WILL JAMES

WHO TURNED COWBOY BECAUSE HE LOVED RANGE LIFE, BREATHED THIS SAME WESTERN LIFE INTO THE MILLIONS WHO ENJOYED READING HIS GREAT BOOKS. WHO WILL EVER FORGET "SMOKEY" THE RANGE HORSE, "COW-COUNTRY" AND THE OTHERS.

YEARS LATER LEAVING WILL ALONE. HE WAS ADOPTED BY A CANADIAN TRAPPER TOGETHER THEY ROAMED THE GREAT PROVINCE OF CANADA. WHEN WILL WAS 13, THE TRAPPER WAS DROWNED WHILE CROSSING A SWIFT-CURRENT RIVER. YEARS LATER JAMES WROTE ABOUT THE TRAPPER'S DEATH, IT WAS CONSIDERED SO GOOD THAT IT WAS INCLUDED IN SCHOOL LITERATURE, READ AND ENJOYED BY THOUSANDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.



DENVER MUDD

AND

BUSHEY BARNES

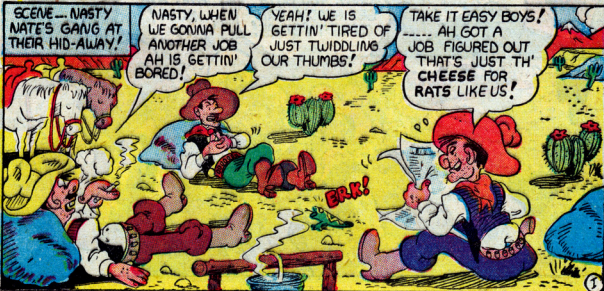
INTRODUCING "EAT-T'ALL EDGAR"
FIRST TO THE TABLE AND LAST TO LEAVE!
THAT'S "EAT-T'ALL EDGAR" WIF' GRAY ON HIS SLEEVE!
THREE TIMES A DAY HE PULLS THIS STUNT!
WHICH, JUST GOES TO PROVE, ALL PIGS DON'T GRUNT!

PSST, DENVER,
WHY DO THEY
CALL HIM "EAT-
T'ALL EDGAR?"

CAN'T YOU
TELL, STUPID?
'CAUSE HE
EATS IT ALL!

in
"PASS THE
DESERT DUCK"

BY
CLAY
HARMON



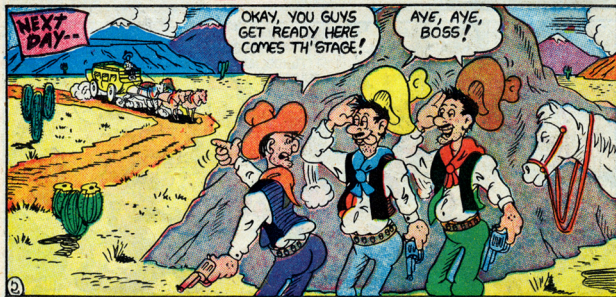
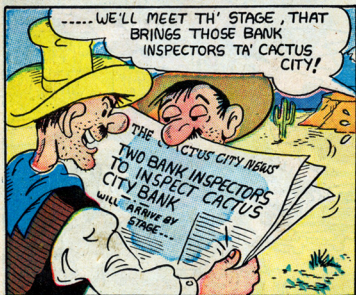
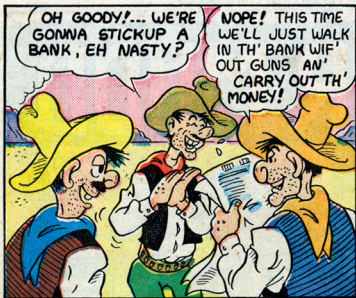
SCENE... NASTY
NATE'S GANG AT
THEIR HID-AWAY!

NASTY, WHEN
WE GONNA PULL
ANOTHER JOB
AH IS GETTIN'
BORED!

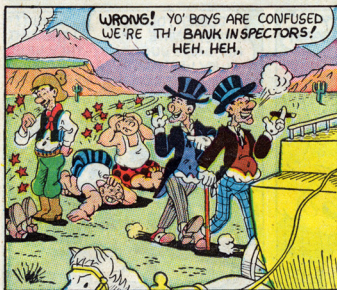
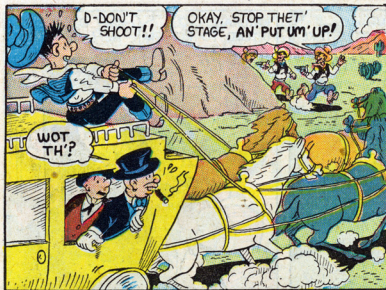
YEAH! WE IS
GETTIN' TIRED OF
JUST TWIDDLING
OUR THUMBS!

TAKE IT EASY BOYS!
----- AH GOT A
JOB FIGURED OUT
THAT'S JUST TH'
CHEESE FOR
RATS LIKE US!

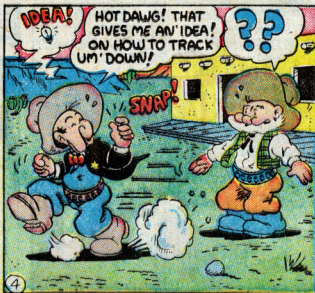
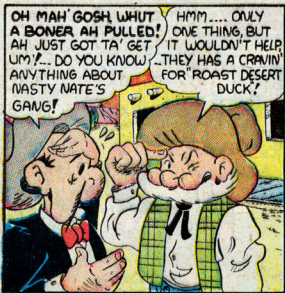
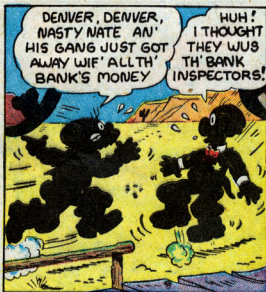
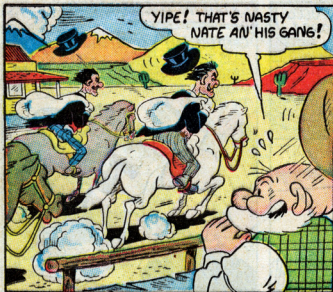
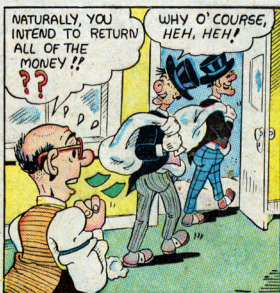
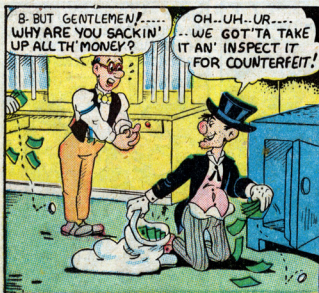
ERRK!

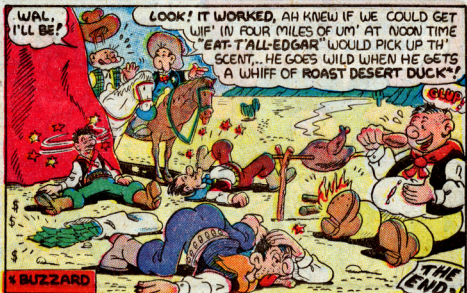
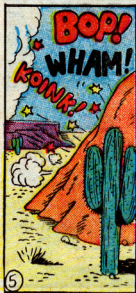
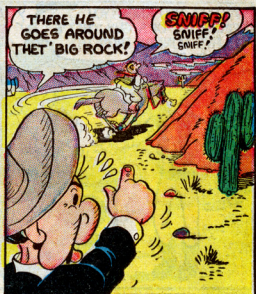
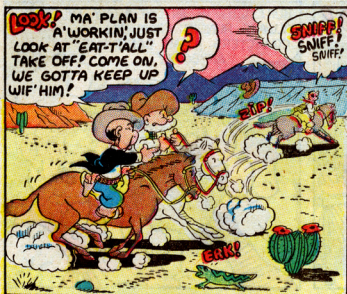
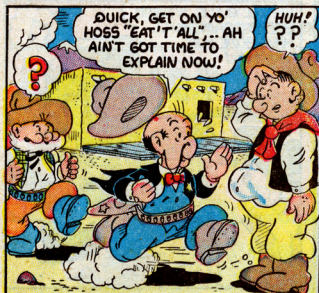


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





CHUCK WAGON

GUS

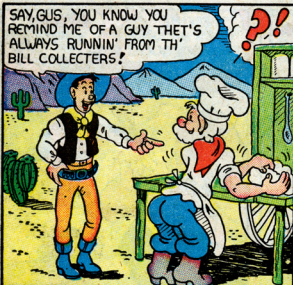
in
THE DOUGH



HAH, OL' GUS IS A'MAKIN' BREAD AGAIN, AH'LL HAVE SOME FUN WIF' HIM!



SAY, GUS, YOU KNOW YOU REMIND ME OF A GUY THET'S ALWAYS RUNNIN' FROM TH' BILL COLLECTORS?



HUH!...WHY IS AH LIKE A GUY THET'S ALWAYS RUNNIN' FROM BILL COLLECTORS ? AH DON'T OWE ANYBODY !



BECAUSE YOUR ALWAYS KNEADING DOUGH!



LEGENDS OF

PAUL BUNYAN

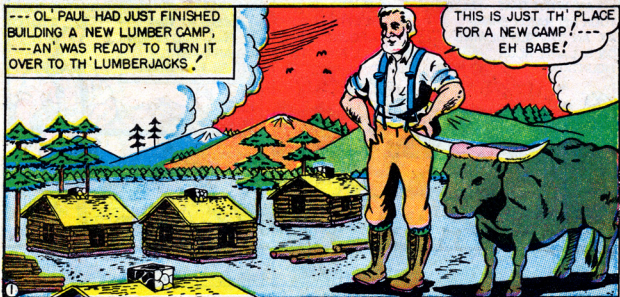


GRANDPA,
TELL ME A
STORY ABOUT
PAUL BUNYAN!

WELL,--- LET ME
SEE NOW,--- HMMM,
OH YES,---

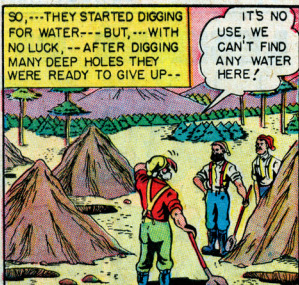
BY *Clayton*

--- OL' PAUL HAD JUST FINISHED
BUILDING A NEW LUMBER CAMP,
---AN' WAS READY TO TURN IT
OVER TO TH' LUMBERJACKS.

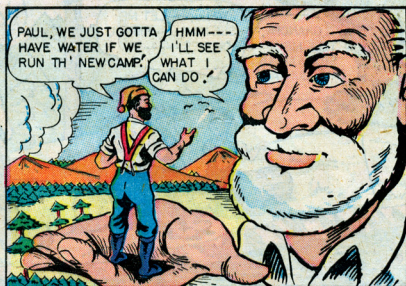


THIS IS JUST TH' PLACE
FOR A NEW CAMP!---
EH BABE!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AFTER THE LOGGERS HAD MOVED IN TH' NEW CAMP THEY DISCOVERED THAT OL' PAUL HAD FORGOT ABOUT A WATER SUPPLY---



OL' PAUL THEN BUILT A BIG COAL FIRE UNDER TH' KETTLE --- AN' THEN PAUL'S BIG OX "BABE" BLEW ON THE FIRE, MAKING IT VERY HOT

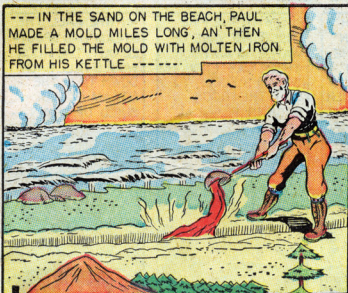
BLOW, BABE, BLOW!



--- PAUL QUICKLY MINED IRON ORE FROM THE GROUND NEARBY AN' DUMPED IT IN HIS GIANT KETTLE, WHERE IT SOON MELTED!



--- IN THE SAND ON THE BEACH, PAUL MADE A MOLD MILES LONG, AN' THEN HE FILLED THE MOLD WITH MOLTEN IRON FROM HIS KETTLE ---

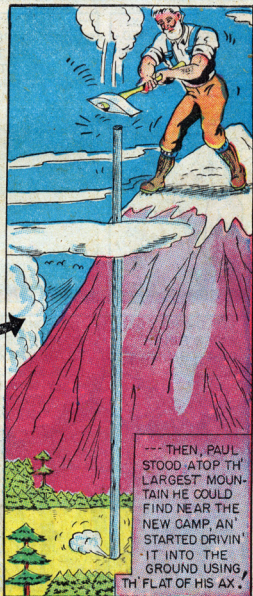


HMM----NOT BAD!

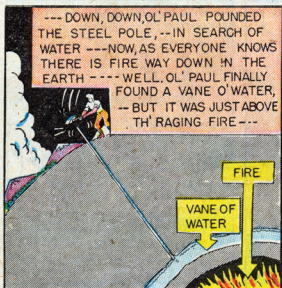
... WHEN IT HAD COOLED, PAUL HAD A BIG LONG STEEL POLE----



--- THEN, PAUL STOOD ATOP TH' LARGEST MOUNTAIN HE COULD FIND NEAR THE NEW CAMP, AN' STARTED DRIVIN' IT INTO THE GROUND USING TH' FLAT OF HIS AX.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



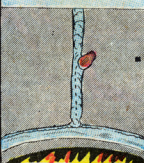
---BUT SUDDENLY TH' STEAM STOPPED,-- AN' THEN AFTER AWHILE IT STARTED SPOUTING AGAIN---



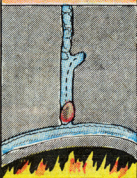
---AN' THIS IS TH' REASON,--WHEN PAUL PULLED THE POLE OUT OF TH' GROUND, IT KNOCKED A BIG BOULDER LOOSE WHICH FELL DOWN AN' PLUGGED UP TH' HOLE -----



BUT, WITH THE FIRE UNDER THE VANE OF WATER, IN AN' HOUR THERE WAS ENOUGH STEAM BUILT UP TO LIFT THE ROCK BACK IN PLACE AN' LET THE STEAM OUT--



AN' WHEN ALL THE STEAM HAD SPOUTED OUT, THE ROCK WOULD FALL BACK DOWN TILL THE STEAM COULD BUILD UP AGAIN---



GEE, DID THEY GET WATER FOR TH' CAMP, CRANDPA ?



NO SON, OL' PAUL HAD TO CHANGE TH' COURSE OF A RIVER TO BRING WATER TO TH' CAMP, --- BUT THAT WELL OL' PAUL MADE IS STILL A GREAT LANDMARK --- ONLY NOW FOLKS CALL THAT WELL "OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER" OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK !





COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

MEANWHILE, TWO FIGURES WATCH THE MINE TRAIN DISAPPEAR UP A CANYON TO THE BUSY SILVER MINES —

THERE SHE GOES, WORM... OLD 69'S RIGHT ON SCHEDULE AS USUAL... THEY'LL BE LOADING HER TO THE BRIM WITH SILVER BULLION FOR THE MONTHLY SHIPMENT BACK EAST...

IT'LL BE AS EASY AS KNOCKIN' OFF A WOODEN INDIAN, DWYER!

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, WORM! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SO PARTICULAR ABOUT PLANNING THIS WHOLE JOB FOR US THESE PAST FEW WEEKS... IF WE WANT TO LIVE TO ENJOY THAT HALF MILLION DOLLAR CARGO, EVERYTHING MUST WORK LIKE CLOCK-WORK... SAVY?



WHEN THAT TRAIN PULLS OUT AT QUITIN' TIME FOR TOWN, IT'LL NOT ONLY BE LOADED WITH SILVER, BUT ALSO THE MINERS... STICKING UP A TRAIN WITH 75 GUYS ABOARD ISN'T A JOB FOR JUST TWO OF US...

AND THAT'S WHERE THE RED-SKINS COME IN, EH, DWYER?

TOWARD SUNSET AT THE NEARBY INDIAN VILLAGE...

HERE'S THE FIFTH CASE, BOSS... THESE INJUNS HAVE BEEN SWILLIN' THIS WHISKEY DOWN BY THE BOTTLE...

GREAT! GIVE THEM ALL THEY WANT... THE MORE THEY DRINK, THE CRAZIER THEY'LL GET...

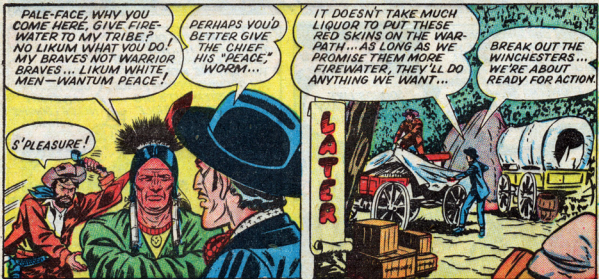


PALE-FACE, WHY YOU COME HERE, GIVE FIRE-WATER TO MY TRIBE? NO LIKUM WHAT YOU DO! MY BRAVES NOT WARRIOR BRAVES... LIKUM WHITE MEN—WANTUM PEACE!

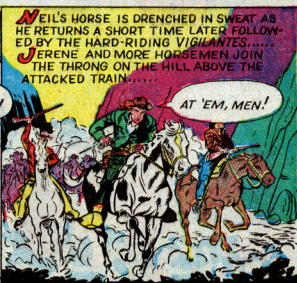
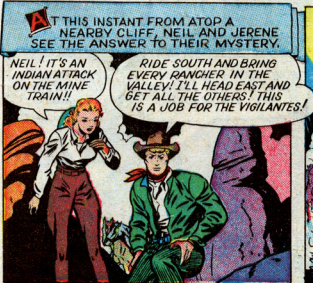
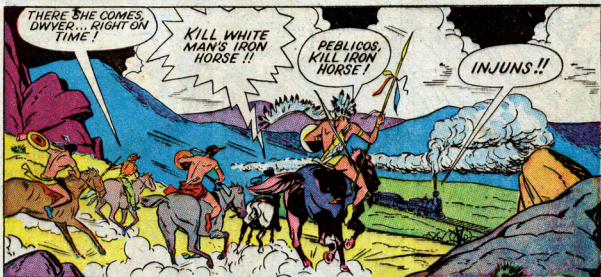
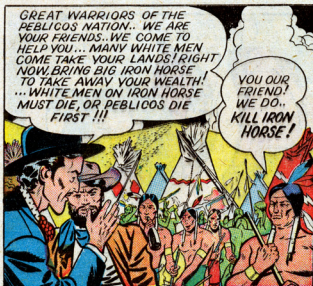
PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER GIVE THE CHIEF HIS "PEACE," WORM...

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH LIQUOR TO PUT THESE RED SKINS ON THE WAR-PATH... AS LONG AS WE PROMISE THEM MORE FIREWATER, THEY'LL DO ANYTHING WE WANT...

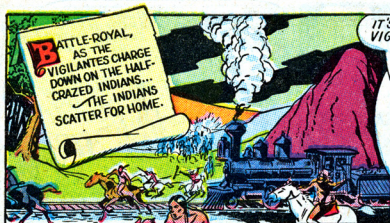
BREAK OUT THE WINCHESTERS... WE'RE ABOUT READY FOR ACTION.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

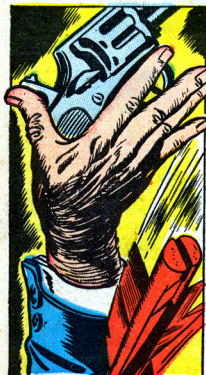


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



IT'S THE VIGILANTES!

THIS GUN SAYS THEY AIN'T GONNA STRING ME UP, IF I CAN HELP IT!!



BIG CHIEF, RED CYOTTE WISH TO OFFER PEACE TOKEN TO WHITE MEN FROM PEBLICOS... -TAKUM!!

WELL DOGGONE! ..DWYER, THE QUIET HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER!



I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANYMORE INDIAN TROUBLE WITH DWYER AND HIS KIND OUT OF CIRCULATION..

GET GOING, SMART GUYS! THE FEDERAL MARSHAL'S WAITIN' FOR YOU IN TOWN..



... AND THERE GOES OLD '69, PULLING HER SILVER CARGO OUT OF THE WEST AND AWAY FROM MAN'S TEMPTATION, TO THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD—THE U.S. TREASURY!



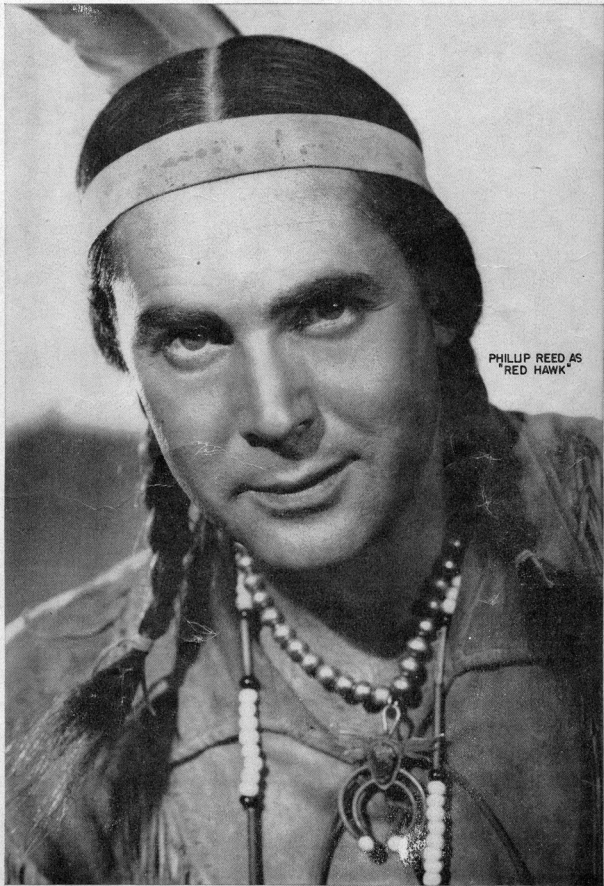
LATER, AT NEIL'S RANCH..

NOW, WHAT WAS IT YOU CAME OVER TO BORROW BEFORE, YOUNG LADY?

...WHO WANTS TO TALK ABOUT BUSINESS?

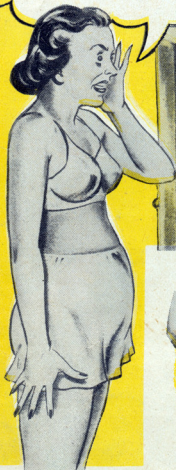


THE END



PHILIP REED AS
"RED HAWK"

**YIPES! COULD I USE
A BELLY-FLATTENER!**



**BOY! THIS SURE
TAKES ME IN!**



BEFORE

Sagging muscles, bumps and bulges. Clothes looked awful. Nothing seemed to fit right. Couldn't wear any of the new styles.

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Test how you'll feel wearing the BELLY-FLATTENER this way: clasp hands across abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? That's how you'll feel when you put on the BELLY-FLATTENER.

AFTER

Protruding stomach pushed back in. Front level. Waist line evened out, tucked away. Pot belly picked up. Clothes fit swell. Also ideal under slacks, play shorts and swim trunks. Complete with detachable garters, changeable crotch piece.

SEND NO MONEY!

ORDER THE BELLY-FLATTENER ON APPROVAL!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER!**

Convince yourself! See the difference with your own eyes. Try BELLY-FLATTENER at our expense. If you're not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. BELLY-FLATTENER sent by Return Mail. Don't wait another minute. Mail coupon TODAY! NOW!

**NOW
to You—
Only
\$2.98**

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Rush BELLY-FLATTENER in Plain Wrapper ON APPROVAL by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not thrilled and delighted with the immediate results, I may return it in 10 days for immediate refund.

(Extra Large Size, 37 and up, \$3.98)
(Extra Crotches 50¢ each)

Waist Measure _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for size 37 and up). You pay postage.